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PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY,

AND

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Albert and Laura.

A SWISS TALE.

[CONCLUDED.]

BASIL was confounded at the alarming news they brought him, and, addressing himself to Albert, said, "A hard trial now awaits you; may honour direct your choice. Do you attend our young warriors to the camp, or will you be united to Laura, and remain behind in safety?"

"I will face death in defence of my native land," replied the youth. "Let me join my brethren in resisting the common foe, and I shall enjoy the society of my dear Laura with tenfold pleasure, by the consciousness that I merit her esteem as a reward for my hardships."

"My gallant son," cried Basil, "you claim my warmest fondness; you have decided as I wished."

Albert returned to embrace Laura.

"Go," said she, attempting to stifle her tears; "I sacrifice every hope for your reputation. I must not regret your absence, for I consider that it is the duty of every one to protect his country when its welfare is endangered.

Albert would have replied, but the horn resounded through the valley, and he perceived his comrades already on their march. "Ha!" cried he, rushing from the cottage, "I shall be the last. Dearest father! dearest Laura! farewell."

Some days after the departure of Albert, Basil received a letter from him. It was dated in the canton of Unterwalden, and contained the most disastrous intelligence: the concluding words were these.—"All is ruin and destruction; on every side we meet the fire and sword of our barbarous and unprovoked enemies. Some mothers are lamenting their lost sons slain in battle; others hang with terror over their bleeding infants, stabbed while clinging to their breasts. Our dispirited forces forget their duty, and are deserting from their banners; every regiment is returning to its particular canton, and the one in which I am inrolled is on its march homewards; so that in a very short time you may expect me with my comrades in the neighbourhood of your cottage, where I will conquer or perish in your defence."

Tears trickled down the cheeks of Basil as he read this melancholy recital. He lifted up his eyes to heaven, and offered a silent prayer for the welfare of his unhappy country. The amiable Laura hung over his shoulder with looks of doubt and apprehension whilst he read the letter; and when he had concluded, she burst into a flood of tears. "Weep not! weep not!" cried Basil, "the tree, overgrown with age, is encumbered by the weight of its own branches, and sees its trunk almost borne to the earth; so France may extend her conquests for a time, but she will at length become the victim of those whom she now insolently tramples upon. Dry your tears, my girl, and believe me, though the virtuous may sometimes smart under the iron rod of affliction, a day of retribution is always prepared for the wicked."

After a little persuasion, he restored the sweet orphan's courage, and she endeavoured to bear the sorrowful news with some degree of fortitude. Three days elapsed, and no fresh intelligence arrived from Albert. On the fourth morning, the inhabitants of the valley were awakened before day-light by the sound of clarions: it was a division of troops belonging to the canton, which had left the main army, and just reached their camp, about a quarter of a mile distant. Basil rose to learn the cause of the disturbance, and was met at the door by his son. The old man shook with transport, and clasped Albert in his arms, calling him by the tenderest names: when his feelings had subsided, he said, "What have you to tell me?"

"But little, father," replied Albert. "We are vanquished: nothing remains for us now but to live in slavery, or suffer death."

"The latter is preferable," cried Basil; "but we will first convince our foes that we are not to be conquered without resistance. Come, enter the cottage, and see your dear Laura: let her smiles for a moment dissipate the anxiety which fills your breast. Alas! we shall not long be able to call this delightful residence our own."

The meeting of the two lovers after so short an absence was very affectionate; but their recollection soon turned to the future, and they knew not but this was the last time they might see each other.

Their apprehensions were not without foundation, for before the day closed, news arrived that the enemy were within an hour's march of the valley. The inhabitants were abandoning their cottages for refuge in the woods, and Basil could recommend nothing else for the safety of his children. Albert proposed to fly into Italy, or some other foreign country; but the French troops had unfortunately taken possession of all the passes, and their endeavours to escape would have been fruitless. In consequence, they followed the example of their neighbours, and took shelter in an adjacent forest.

Early on the following morning they heard the clash of cymbals die along the

air, and accompanied by some more fugitives, ventured out of the thicket where they had concealed themselves, to the skirts of the wood. They perceived volumes of smoke issuing from their little habitations, which the victorious banditti were destroying by fire. Shuddering with fear, they again returned to their hiding-place, and being overcome with fatigue and hunger, and the tedious anxiety experienced during the night, made a scanty meal on the wild fruits which the forest afforded.

Laura's delicate constitution was not able to bear the inclemency of the open air. Albert and his father set to work for her convenience, and formed a kind of shed with the branches of trees, which she reposed under when weary. It was a poor shelter, but in her eyes preferable to ravishment and slavery under an unrelenting foe.

Several days elapsed without any thing particular, till, one morning, Basil having penetrated a little distance into the wood for the purpose of gathering fruit, Albert seated himself pensively at the entrance of the shed, and was watching the lovely Laura while she enjoyed the sweets of sleep. Suddenly he heard a rustling among the bushes, and a low murmuring, that seemed to proceed from behind the thatch; he laid his hand on his sword, but ere he could draw it, a band of French soldiers advanced, and disarmed him. His struggles awoke Laura, she ran towards the officer who commanded the detachment, and on her knees implored his mercy; he was for a moment moved at her tears, but quickly conceived the diabolical design of securing her to himself, and ordered the soldiers to conduct her to the camp. Laura resisted, and endeavoured to free herself; whilst Albert made a motion to assist her, but was felled to the ground by a blow from the officer. Burning with rage, he rose, and breaking from the soldiers who tried to withhold him, drew forth a pocket pistol which he had concealed in his belt, and shot his adversary dead. The guards stood amazed at this piece of desperation. Albert, flushed with success, forgot his danger, and was embracing his dear Laura, when a soldier stabbed him in the back with a bayonet. The wounded youth fell, covered with blood, and, for the few short moments his fainting spirit struggled with death, he articulated, in broken sentences, "Father! Laura!" and expired.

Laura, whose nerves were naturally weak, was overcome with horror: the shock had so great an effect upon her, that she could not support herself. Her sight failed her, and she fell lifeless on the body of the deceased.

At that instant Basil returned: it is not possible to describe his feelings at so unexpected a sight. After the first emotions of his grief were ended, he addressed himself to the soldiers in these words.

"Frenchmen! ye who aspire to rule the world, you will not effect your design without shewing mercy to those whom the fortune of war puts in your power. Your country has committed the grossest injustice in proceeding hostilely against us; and it was the least generosity you could have shewn, to spare the wretched, when force was no longer opposed to you. You have here murdered two innocent people, who never wronged you in the remotest thought. Go on, fill up the measure of your crimes. You will acquire the title of conquerors, but never that of Christians; and remember, that an awful day will arrive, when for these your evil deeds, "God will bring you unto judgment."

So saying, he knelt down, and kissed the cheeks of the deceased lovers. The soldiers quitted the spot, ashamed of what they had done, and some of them felt a pang of remorse, if there dwells any in the hearts of barbarians.

Albert and Laura were interred in one grave beside each other: as they had lived together in life, so in death their father would not separate them. Basil survived them but a very short time; the severity of his reflections, joined to the natural infirmities of old age, reduced him in a few weeks to the same state as his children. He had lost the only treasures that endeared him to this world, and died, joyfully expecting a reward in the world to come.

NATURAL HISTORY
OF CORK.

CORK is the bark of a tree of the same name, a species of the oak. It grows in great abundance on the Pyrenean mountains, and in other parts of Spain, in France, and in the north of New-England. The Spaniards make what we call *Spanish black*, used by painters, of burnt cork. The Egyptians make coffins of cork, which being lined with a resinous composition, preserved dead bodies uncorrupted. But the chief employ of Cork is to put in shoes, slippers, &c. and particularly to stop bottles.

OBSER.—Murmur not at want of success; the best have been refused: do not refuse to yourself the best that is in your power.

Republished from Poulson's American Daily Advertiser of the 29th January.

BY PARTICULAR REQUEST.

"No radiant pearl, which crested fortune wears,
"No gem, that twinkling hangs from beauty's ear,
"Not the bright stars, which night's blue archadorn,
"Nor rising suns that gild the vernal morn,
"Shine with such lustre, as the tear that breaks,
"For other's woe, down Virtue's manly cheeks."

DARWIN.

MAN! frail, presumptuous being, what art thou? Whither does thy infatuated pride lead thee? In the boundless regions of a perturbed imagination, thou soarest until bewildered and amazed!—Fantastic visions dance before thee, which thou, in assuming confidence, believest to be realities; but sad experience shall teach thee, each revolving day, that whether *Knowledge*, *Pleasure*, or *Power* courts thy embraces, true happiness will still elude thy eager grasp, and thou *wilt* find, that *all*, ALL IS VANITY.

The human mind, when contemplating the weakness impressed by an unerring seal, on the sublunary tenants of this little spot, who glory in one short hour, and then are snatched away forever, has cause to glow with sympathy, and burn with animating desires to extend the hand of benevolence to soothe afflicted humanity. Yet man, triumphing in a strength which he does not possess, feels, in an unguarded moment, his inability to pursue the narrow path of rectitude;—he flies for succour to principles which glitter by means of the borrowed light of Reason, delusive, and pregnant with destruction! Philosophism, with her gay bands, captivates the erring heart, and preserves, by her deceitful appearance, that *delirium* which she at first excited and inspired! But when Truth throws aside the veil, and displays the deleterious tendency and effects produced by following this phantom, the fetters, alas! are too strongly rivetted, for him, already enfeebled, to burst asunder; he discovers that he cannot regain his lost dignity, without an effort is made, to exert which, he has now no power. Sickening, and turning disgusted from the thought, the just indignation which he is conscious of meriting, intimidates him, and wishing to hide his real situation from the scrutinising view of others, he continues to embrace those very principles which degraded him, and instead of warning his fellow-mortals from the destructive tenets which he has adopted, he forcibly recommends their dissemination, and assists other deluded, infatuated mortals, to rear a fabric in opposition to every thing conducive to the real happiness of man; and Atheism appears in the

eyes of the "multitude," to triumph over the sublime and dignified precepts of Christianity! With mad, infuriate zeal, the tumultuous throng overturn every law, human and divine;

"No place is sacred; not the church is free."
POPE.

If man, therefore, proud of his pretended firmness, cannot resist temptation,---can the softer sex, exposed to all the variety of forms which vice in a populous city, assumes, can *they* be expected to evince a fortitude, which is in direct opposition to the powerful operation of combined example and precept, which is exhibited in vivid colours by those philosophists; who, instead of protecting them from evil, act the part of fiends to lead them into paths, difficult—nay, impossible to retrace?—That amiable tenderness which was given to them as an ornament, only renders them susceptible of feelings which conduce more powerfully to the success of the numerous attacks of perfidy, and base seduction.

O! FLATTERY! pernicious instrument in the hands of wickedness, how great is thy influence over human nature!—Turn, turn for one moment from thy detested work, and let thy infernal triumph be temporarily suspended!—View that being, now wandering through the silent grove with unequal step, her bosom heaving with anguish, her eyes suffused with tears, while "melancholy-brooding madness" sits enthroned on her forehead. See her dishevelled hair now streaming to the rude gale, and exposed to its unheeded fury!—Mark that wild glare of her eye-balls, which discovers itself through the chrystal pearls that gem those eyes which once beamed with affection, tenderness, and love! Yes, she once was happy! What could have occasioned the sad reverse? Did death bereave her of an affectionate partner, who shared her joys, and mingled the tear of sympathy with her's, when she unfolded to him her griefs?—Alas! No. These sources of alleviation she never possessed. Domestic felicity just appeared to mock her anxious, anticipating sight, to vanish, and leave her exposed to corroding care and remorse. *Whence*, then, came her affliction? Lo! Truth rises before thy shuddering view, and shows thy perfidy in colours too visible to be mistaken. It was *thy* hated, pernicious power, which reduced her to that degraded, affecting situation. Here behold thy short-lived triumph: look, and start not back so appalled! Listen! Those heart-rending groans pierce the soul with horror, rack its inmost recesses, while the feelings of humanity vibrate in trembling consonance with her sorrows;—there! sighs burst forth, and seem to rend in twain the bosom from which they with difficulty proceed.—She speaks! approach, and hear a lesson for impiety!

"Where, where are those joys which once offered themselves to my acceptance, and which I once possessed; where are they now fled? Where are my friends?—I had friends once; but they are gone.—Alas! deserted and forlorn, here must I lay down the burden of my life; here end at once, my existence and remorse. Had I when in the enjoyment of health and happiness, had I then but possessed a prophetic eye, the pangs I now suffer, would not have taken up their residence *here*; this serpent would not now prey upon my vitals. O!—ye "*glorious dawnings of the new philosophy*," had my heart never experienced your entrance, I would not now pine with anguish:—I would not now—ha! glorious, I said,—but *infernal* is the name they better deserve, and with which they ought to be branded, exposed to public detestation, and banished eternally from society:—the amiable endearments of which, their aim is to destroy; and subvert every precept of pure, spotless morality! Libertinism; *thou* wast my ruin; thee I adopted, and by thee have I fallen, I fear, to rise no more. And my Henry too!—I forsook thee; *thee* in whom dwelt that fervent love which I ought reciprocally to have returned. *Base seducer!* thou who instilled into my then artless mind, sentiments prejudicial to my Henry, I leave thee to the just vengeance which thou meritest, and which thou shalt receive, ere many years shall roll over thy devoted head; for Heaven has *yet* an arm of strength. Had I never seen thee, I might have enjoyed with my Henry, happiness, which thou declared was the inevitable result of the illumination of the heart, by the light of philosophy: but,—Why burns my forehead, why thrill those agonizing pains through my aching breast?—Yes, thou it was who bade me seek what thou dignified by the title of *philosophy!* this, *this* was the primary cause of my ruin; for obeying I *fell*. When virtue is once eradicated, on what rock can the feeble mind rest?—Alas, Henry, where art thou now? in some distant isle, perhaps, dragging on thy loathsome existence for a short period, and then to *die*—unknown and forgotten! No one is present who can soothe thy cares to peace,—no one to hear thy last sad groans, which are wafted by the cold gale to no human pitying ear: no, an ocean separates thee from thy kindred, and from me. Alas! Imagination, why dost thou conjure up in my mind scenes like this?—Ah! that parting look,—death only shall blot it from my memory; that piercing look which thou gavest me, Henry, when I bade thee to depart from my presence for ever. Didst thou not see the diabolic, exulting smile pictured on that perfidious "Lovelace's" countenance?—O, agonizing thought! Be hushed ye rising sighs, which agitate my bosom; remorse racks me with reiterated anguish. Oh happiness,

"For thee I panted, thee I priz'd,
"For thee I gladly sacrific'd
"Whate'er I lov'd before.
"And shall I see thee start away,
"And helpless, hopeless, hear thee say
"Farewell!—we meet no more!"

"But it is in vain that I seek consolation: the vision of my Henry accompanies my broken slumbers, and I shall not again experience peace to fill my soul, until death's resistless wand shall consign me to the oblivious mansions of the tomb. No hope now beams upon my troubled mind:—ha! see that beckoning spirit, which now waves his hand towards me! yes, I come, kind shade; I'll seek thee, where the influence of infidelity has never reached; yonder wave shall receive me into its fathomless bed—I'll go, Henry——"

Stop fair mourner, bend not thy steps towards eternity, and dare not presume to rush uncalled into the presence of thy Maker: pause, contemplate yet on thy purpose, and thou wilt find that there is peace to be obtained here below; yes, there is hope, a sovereign balm ready to be poured into the disconsolate bosom. Yonder building* now meets the joyous view, an *honour to humanity*, and expands its portals to receive the penitent stranger, who has swerved from the paths of virtue, and in one loose, unwatchful moment, has transgressed those laws which have been enjoined on us, by the precepts of divine truth, which "bids the pure in heart behold their God." Enter, then, thou who once might have been an ornament to the fair character of thy sex, and thou shalt be welcome: enter and transgress no more; for *there* happiness shall again meet thy embrace, there content holds an undivided, uncontested reign. Opportunity presents itself; accept it, ere it vanishes for ever

NOTE.

* The Magdalen Institution, founded on principles, which the combined philosophism of the old and new worlds, shall never be able to erase from the fair unsullied page of virtue.

from thy sight; and would to Heaven that the base insidious principles of Infidelity were utterly extinct, and rooted from the soil which gave them birth:—then must humanity rejoice, and hail the luminary of *religion*, which will rise to set no more, the lustre of which shall never fade, but illumine with renewed brightness, the hearts of the children of men.

Ye citizens of Philadelphia, a city rising in greatness, and famed for beneficial establishments,—let Benevolence, that sacred emanation from the DEITY, make that impression on your bosoms, that Christian charity may heave a sympathetic sigh, or drop the tear of commiseration, while reflecting on the complicated misfortunes ever attendant on—SEDUCTION!

Lo! an infant institution now rises before you, and presents itself to your observation, formed for affording the balm of consolation to lost woman, and fitting her for regaining the principles of virtue, which the baneful influence of philosophism has banished from their proper residence—there the repentant stranger can find sympathy to mingle with her distress, and a peaceful reconciliation pointed out, thro' the medium of Divine benevolence.

The demon of Infidelity now sweeps the land with destructive steps; every human tie is rent asunder, and nations are bowing without resistance beneath the yoke, with which thousands are unconsciously fettered. Numerous votaries croud around his unhallowed shrine, and while a Driscol and a Palmer are permitted to disseminate tenets injurious to moral and social happiness, there is great reason to believe, that principles, whose aim is to extend by their adoption, real felicity among mankind, will be either obstructed in their operation and effects, or totally eradicated from a soil, in which, alas! they now too feebly exist, and are liable to wither at the approach of every pernicious blast, repugnant to virtue. An establishment, therefore, whose tendency is to *lessen* the miseries of human life—fully deserves the attention of the man and the Christian; the evil cannot be *entirely* destroyed, until its cause ceases to exist:—let therefore your endeavours be exercised, to resist the torrent which now rushes with violence uncontrolled, over creation's pride; and posterity, observing the effects arising from your laudable exertions, will feel the ardent ecstacy of gratitude to spring up;—the tear of sensibility will flow, and *future generations shall rise up, and call you* BLESSED.

ORMOND.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

"Those who fetch from hypothesis the foundation on which they build their speculations, may form an ingenious romance, but a romance it will still be."

COTES'S PREF. TO THE PRIN.

MR. HOGAN,

YOUR correspondent *H.* has told us how the great age of the Antideluvians, the deluge, &c. are reconcileable to the Pealenian System—but that was not the question. However, I must candidly acknowledge, that the theory he has mentioned, appears to me to be so far from giving a satisfactory solution, that it gives none at all.

We are told that "the sun is an electric body with an atmosphere of electricity, the whole in vacuo."—Philosophers are not agreed whether a vacuum be a conductor or non-conductor of electricity. When a charged Leyden phial is placed under the receiver of an air-pump, as the air (which is a non-conductor) is exhausted, the accumulated fluid will expand. On the other hand, receivers have been exhausted to such a degree, that an electric spark would not pass through them. If then a vacuum be a non-conductor, the electricity of the sun could not pass through it; and if a vacuum be a conductor, the electricity of the sun, must, from its known repulsive power, expand until all the bodies within the sphere of communication would be equally saturated.—Neither sides of the dilemma will do.

Next we are told, without the shadow of authority, or proof, that at the time of the deluge the earth was much nearer the sun than at present, and that its annual and diurnal revolutions were so much shorter, "that the days were but little more than hours, and the years two or three weeks of the present time." It would be easy to shew from Scripture that this was not the case; but we shall not introduce the *sacred volume* on so trifling a subject. Were the earth to revolve round its axis in the space of an hour, or even 10 hours, the velocity would be so great, that all its appendages must be thrown from its surface. Noah and his ark, instead of floating quietly on the surface of the waters, must have been thrown into the surrounding space, like a stone from a sling: the waters themselves, tost into foam, must have taken their leave of this lower world; and the mountains torn from their bases with more violence than ever *Milton's devils* threw them at their enemies.

To trace the consequence of the hypothesis farther would be spending time to no purpose. The idea of the earth being a comet is absurd; for since the days of *Ptolemy* we are certain the earth's distance from the sun, and the times of its revolutions, have remained the same: besides, on this supposition, there must, at some future period, be another deluge.

The account given of the tides is equally inconsistent; for it would be easy to shew, that on the day of the change there could be but one tide: nor could they succeed each other at equal intervals, except at the time of full moon.

SCIOLUS.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

MR. HOGAN,

IN the last number of the Repository, I observed a note, wherein I am requested to explain my objections to some opinions advanced in the *Studies of Nature*. In my Introductory Lecture I engaged to do so. This however has not yet been done; the Course having been suspended in consequence of a melancholy accident.* As soon as the subject in question shall have been delivered to that audience by whom the Lectures are patronized, I shall have no objection to comply with the request.

JOHN D. CRAIG.

* *The burning of the Friends' Academy.*

DREADFUL EFFECTS OF JEALOUSY.

THE following anecdote of the effects of Jealousy on the mind of an Egyptian, is recorded by Denon, in his travels in Egypt, and will serve to illustrate the manners of that people. "On the second day's march across the desert from Alexandria, some soldiers met near Beda, a young woman, whose face was smeared with blood. In one hand she held a young infant, while her other was stretched at random, in search of any object that might strike or guide it. Their curiosity was excited. They approached, and heard the sighs of a being who had been deprived of her sight! Astonished, and desirous of an explanation, they questioned her; and learned that the dreadful spectacle before their eyes had been produced by a fit of jealousy. Its victim presumed not to murmur, but only prayed in behalf of the innocent who partook her misfortune, and which was on the point of perishing with misery and hunger. The soldiers, struck with compassion, and forgetting their own wants at the sight of the more pressing necessities of others, immediatly gave her part of their rations. They were supplying her with part of the water

which they were likely soon to be without themselves, when they beheld the furious husband approach, who, feasting his eyes at a distance with the fruits of his vengeance, had kept his victim in sight. He sprang forward, snatched from the woman's hand the bread and water, that last necessary of life which pity had given to misfortune. "Stop," cried he," she has lost her honour; she has wounded mine; this child is my shame, it is the son of guilt." The soldiers resisted his attempt to deprive the woman of the food they had given her. His jealousy was irritated at seeing the object of his fury become that of the kindness of others; he drew a dagger, and gave the woman a mortal blow; then seized the child, threw it into the air, and destroyed it by its fall: afterwards, with stupid ferocity, stood motionless, looking stedfastly at those who surrounded him, and defying their vengeance.

Law Case.

The following CASE, *interesting to humanity, is from a Dublin Paper, of November* 27, 1802.

THOMAS EDWARD BELLAMY, found guilty of passing, to a Mr. Sparrow, a bill on Messrs. Cox and Greenwood, of London, army-agents, for £.30 sterling, with the names of these gentlemen forged, as acceptors to it, was put to the bar to receive sentence. He appeared strongly affected, and holding up a written paper, entreated that the Court would permit their officer to read it aloud, as from the agitated state of his feelings, he was incapable of addressing the bench himself. The paper, with the consent of the Court, was read by the acting clerk of the Crown. Its contents were to the following effect:

"That the culprit had been justly found guilty of a crime, which distresses in his family, almost unexampled, had in a moment of despair, compelled him to commit —that he entered the army as a commissioned officer in the year 1794, in which he remained in active service, principally in Ireland, till the heads of the late rebellion were crushed—that he became acquainted with his present afflicted wife in this country, and from a mutual attachment which ensued, married her—that a growing family was the consequence, for whose support he for a long time used every honest and active exertion in his power: finding the army too expensive, he quitted his regiment to seek some decent civil employment, the highest object of his ambition—for this purpose he procured letters of recommendation to Lord Wentworth, and to Mr. Hawkins Brown, in England, a distant relation of his wife. In several applications he made for employment, he uniformly failed, and from his repeated disappointments, his family had been involved in new scenes of calamity and distress—he was at length obliged to accept an Ensign's commission in a Fencible Regiment, in which he remained some time, struggling with fresh trials of adversity, and increasing accumulated debts, which the necessary support of his family induced; when to avoid the horrors of a prison, which he saw inevitable, he quitted the army again, and was thrown on the world, without a single guinea, or a single friend. The distresses of his family were such that they were obliged to live for a considerable time deprived of all sustenance, except what they could derive from scanty and precarious meals of bread and tea—that the last time his wife was confined in child-bed, a single shilling they did not possess. Lodging in an obscure garret, she was delivered without surgical aid, and destitute of every species of those conveniences almost indispensable with females in her condition, being herself without clothes, and to procure a covering for her new-born infant all their resources were exhausted. In this situation his wife and child must inevitably have starved, were it not for the loan of five shillings, which he walked from London to Blackheath to borrow; he made a most solemn appeal to Heaven, as to the truth of every particular he stated,—and that so far from wishing to exaggerate a single fact, he suppressed many more instances of calamity scarcely to be paralleled, which delicacy forbade him to mention, however excuseable the relation of them might be in his present situation—that after the disgrace bro't upon himself by this single transaction, life could not be a boon he would be anxious to solicit, but that nature pleaded in his breast for a deserving wife, and helpless child!——It was not from a principle of ill-timed pride that he was obliged to declare, that she was a gentlewoman reared in affluence, with refined sentiments, and every amiable propensity—she was at present so far advanced in her pregnancy, as to expect to be delivered in February next—he therefore humbly supplicated the humane interposition of the court, at least to have the execution of his sentence suspended until after that event, as otherwise he had just reason to apprehend that the lives of his unhappy partner, from the state of her spirits, and unborn babe, would also become sacrifices for his crime."

Mr. M'Nally, as counsel for the Crown, addressed the Court on behalf of his client, Mr. Sparrow, who instructed him to avail himself of the first opportunity of stating to their Lordships, that a sense of public justice alone had compelled him to institute this prosecution; that he felt for this unhappy gentleman's distresses, which he knew to have been such as few in life encounter, and that his statement of them was *far short of the actual sufferings* of his unfortunate family.

At the reading of this calamitous case, their Lordships seemed in a peculiar manner struck with that sympathy which the subject had universally excited. Judge Finncane addressed the prisoner in a very feeling stile, informed him that the Court felt it their duty not only to forward to government for his Majesty's pardon, the recommendation of the jury in his favour, but the affecting statement of his case, together with the representation which Mr. M'Nally made from the prosecutor. He hoped he would be more fortunate than others in similar circumstances had been, in applying for *royal mercy* in Great Britain, where the crime of forgery is held in particular abhorrence. He exhorted the prisoner, however, to prepare for the worst, and lamented the necessity of pronouncing the fatal sentence of the law, which WAS DEATH.

Mr. BELLAMY was only 27 years of age when he was executed. Col. Latouche humanely informed Mr. B. that his wife and children should be provided for, when he exclaimed, "*that now his consolation was complete.*"

The prisoner's whole demeanour was truly affecting, he had the address of a gentleman, and the aspect of one whose heart and feelings were borne down by compunction and adversity.

The following Poem, is said to be the production of Mrs. Bellamy, *Wife of the above unfortunate Gentleman.*

IN deepest shades of wretchedness and woe,
With scarce a friend my dreary state to know,
Or where 'tis known, few, few are there I fear,
My worst of fates, or to relieve or share;
In penury and sickness—gloomy train!
My heart afflicted, torn and rent with pain;
The hovering shade of death around me flies,
And spreads its sick'ning dimness o'er my eyes—
Would they were clos'd in that oblivious sleep,
Where cease the wretched - or to feel, or weep—
Where poverty's hard grip, afflicts no more,
And life's delusions and delights are o'er;
Where friendship's ne'er resorted to in vain,
Nor turns from penury with cold disdain.

——My children! oh! thou eternal power!
Whose care presided at their natal hour,
To these my friendless babes, thy care extend—
Be thou their father—and be thou their friend;
When the cold grave becomes their mother's bed,
And when the long grass trembles o'er her head
—Their father! oh! sweet attribute of Heav'n!
Mercy! be thou to their poor father giv'n;
Behold in these sweet innocents the cause—
'Twas *they*, not *he*, that broke his country's laws?
Necessity—that knows no laws nor fears,
Urg'd by his children's sad complaints and tears,
To desperation drove him—fatal day!
A crime committed—years can't wipe away—
O'erleaped right's bounds—society's great tie,
And forfeited *his life* lest *they* should die!
But why not suffer too—my Edward—why?
Why not consign your famish'd babes to die?
Did e'er a tear roll down my care-worn cheek—
Or 'gainst my husband one sad murmur speak?
Say, was I not to Heav'n's great will resign'd—
And sure we did from Heav'n oft comfort find?
What—tho' the day was wasted thro' in grief,
And you at night return'd without relief—
Return'd when every faithless friend was try'd—
Hopeless return'd—for every friend deni'd!
Then on your fainting wife such looks you've cast,
That I must recollect, whilst life shall last;—
Have I not round your neck my fond arms thrown
And knelt with you before Heav'n's gracious throne;
And whilst the burning tears delug'd your face,
We've pray'd together for sustaining grace,
And rose renewed in faith—whilst our sweet child
Slept as we pray'd—and as we wept, it smil'd;
Ah! little know the rich, the great, the gay—
Who spend in festive joys their lives away,
The pangs my Bellamy—the pangs you bore—
Pangs which no creature ever felt before—
And all for *me*—you told me you could bear
Fate's hardest crush—if I had not a share;
That hunger, thirst, and cold, to you were nought
But for your children! O! heart-rending thought!
His children perish—He a father driv'n
To err against the laws of man and Heav'n!
Cruel alternative—yet God, thou'rt just;
Nor should thy councils e'er be scan'd by dust!
But oh! should e er this tale, which here appears
Wrung from my heart—and blotted with my tears,
Its passage wing to that mild eye which beams—
With mercy's cheering, vivifying streams—
To HIM whose breast with mildest virtue glows,
And whose long reign one scene of goodness shews;
I pray that HE his pardon may extend—
And mercy grant my Bellamy—my friend!
So may that pow'r who sits on Heav'n's high throne,
Who crowns nath giv'n, and kingdoms overthrown—
Around his head ten thousand blessings show'r,
And be his shield, his comforter, his tow'r;
May Britain, great in arms, in commerce grown,
Ne'er want a George to fill Great Britain's throne,
But to my loud cries list—O! Mercy lend!
Pardon my Bellamy—my husband—friend!

Who that reads these lines, and reflects on the situation of their author, but must shed a tear to pity, and sighing say, "Pity 'tis, 'tis true."

TASTE.

A FRAGMENT.

* * * * TASTE, with a nicer eye surveys the works of Nature, shuns every common thought, and dwells on such as raise the admiration. In every passion it marks the power to please. By this informed, the eye discerns the charms of bounteous Nature, and sees them rise in regular variety. Even in the desart wild, TASTE will support the soul. It fills the dreary waste with sylvan gods or nymphs, and sings with them of Nature's wondrous works. The *man of* TASTE discovers the same elegance in the order of his family; every thing there resembles his own superior fancy, and is distinguished in the several parts with the same regularity that Nature has implanted in the original principle, which governs and directs the whole. The same natural elegance adorns his habitation, and makes a paradise of all the country round. TASTE makes the plans of architecture rise, with wonderful variety, the fragrant garden bloom, and woods and meadows join in wonderful confusion. In conversation, TASTE appears with the same beauty and pleasure. The greatest number of mankind see but a little way into Nature, perceiving only the common properties which are obvious to every eye. Conversation with such people is dull, and informs us of no more than what one might discover, whether they spoke or were silent.—"There is a fine horse," says one, and "There is a fine house," says another; but the *man of* TASTE displays in strong expressive language, the harmony of every part. And thus it is with regard to all other objects of Nature; they appear to him, not as they strike the vulgar eye, but if I may use the comparison, with the same variety of colours and shapes as we perceive in the wing of a small insect, when observed through certain glasses; every object is gilded and adorned as it were, which comes before a nice, discerning taste. How happy then, and how beyond expression must be the sensations of those who are blessed with a superior *Taste*,—which adorns the face of Nature, fills us with a strange variety of pleasing thoughts, and makes a paradise of earth.

Solution to Jonathan's *Question, in page* 82.

LET $10x+2x$ represent the number; then $10x+2x+x^3=20x+x$ the question: hence $x=3$, and $10x+2x=36$, the number sought. SCIOLUS.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

Put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground.
EXODUS, CH. 3. ver. 5.

TURNING over, a few evenings since, the pages of a book at present somewhat neglected, but which I must confess myself so unfashionable as sometimes to look into; my attention was forcibly arrested by the preceding passage. The idea it conveyed to my mind was interesting. I closed the book, and leaning my head upon the table, gave free indulgence to the following reverie.

The wealth, the titles, the honours and pleasures of the world seemed as dross when compared with the glorious purpose for which man was created. When (assisted by Faith) he contemplates the mansions of rest, which terminate this "vale of tears," he rises above sublunary things; they are beneath his feet, and like the shoes of Moses, should be loosed, and shaken off, when he standeth in the presence of God, upon "holy ground." The many temples erected in this city, and dedicated to the worship of the Most High, I considered as "holy ground," and reflected with regret on the number of persons who attend them without obeying the divine command, "put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground;" but come loaded with the pleasures and cares of the world. Ask them why they attend?—they answer, they have "come up to worship;" but their behaviour evinces that their thoughts during divine service are rambling to and fro in the earth. Though the man of God holds up to their view, in glowing colours, the glorious splendor of the New Jerusalem, though he paints in their blackest hue the regions of eternal misery, yet are they inattentive,—they put not off the sandals of vanity.

The God of our salvation has promised, that "where two or three are gathered together in his name, there will he be in the midst of them," and though not visible to the eye of flesh, yet the Christian beholds, "in the mind's eye," his awful presence, surrounded by a more dazzling lustre than that in which he appeared to Moses, while tending the flocks of Jethro: therefore, should those who "go up to worship," banish from their minds every worldly thought, —"for the place whereon they stand is holy ground."

My mind was taken up with these re-

flections for a considerable time: at length a solemn stillness seemed to wrap up my senses, and I sunk into a slumber.

Though asleep, my mind was still taken up with the subject of my waking meditations. I thought the beauties of an unclouded morning in the Spring, had called me out to enjoy the early breeze. I had not rambled far until I observed a great concourse of people, all crowding one way. Curious to know where they were going, I joined them, and soon found myself in the gallery of a large building, set apart for the worship of JEHOVAH.

The assembly was very large, and, with a few exceptions, seemed pretty attentive to the pastor, who was exhorting them to turn from their evil ways, to repent, and be saved. While I gazed on this great congregation, I thought one in a white robe came to me, and said, "Wouldst thou see these things as they really are?" Upon my answering in the affirmative, he waved his hand, and immediately the scene was changed.—A dazzling light filled the house—the minister seemed more earnest in his exhortation, but his congregation less attentive—Some gathered into parties, and conversed on the news of the town—others found employment, without leaving their seats.—I observed one busily employed in piling up bits of straw in small piles—another had a slate before him, and was calculating the interest on a sum of money due him—a third was drafting on the seat of the pew, the plan of a barn which he intended to build, to hold his next summer's grain—a fourth was attentively studying the figure of a new dance, which had been danced at the last ball.—In short, a great majority of the congregation were employed in a manner foreign to the purpose for which they had assembled.—A goodly number, however, were observed on their knees, in ardent prayer and wrestling for salvation.

Astonished at the unconcerned manner in which the greater part seemed to receive the offers of mercy held out by the ambassador of Christ, I said to my companion, "will not the master of the assembly be angry with this people?"—He answered, "be still, and wait the event."—Scarce had he spoken, when the light which shone in the temple vanished, the air was suddenly darkened—the earth quaked, and the temple tottered on its foundation. I looked round for my companion—he was gone.

A loud burst of thunder seemed to proclaim the end of time.—I started—awoke—and found it but a dream.

J. S. W.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

SONNET
TO SPRING.

WELCOME! thrice welcome, Nature's loveliest Child!
Thy genial radiance surly Winter flies,
While, with his train, he seeks his Boreal skies,
And yields to thine imperial presence mild.

How grateful is thy coming! All around
Feel the soft influence of thy cheering smile:
Young Zephyr's tepid breeze has loos'd the soil,
And soon will Flora variegate the ground

With all the family of flow'rs,—the trees
With joy be vocal,—and the landscape glow.—
Man views the prospect—see his heart o'erflow
With tender Loves and Sensibilities.

Thus shall we all, when Life's dark Winter's o'er,
Reviving, hail *that Spring*, where change shall be no more.

ALEXIS.

FREEDOM OF THE BAR IN IRELAND.

SOON after Judge Clayton was promoted to the bench, he one day in summing up the evidence in a cause in which Harwood, an eminent Irish barrister, had been leading counsel, took occasion to make some severe remarks upon the counsellor's speech; and among other things, said, "Some of my learned friend's observations may seem at first sight to apply to this case, but they are not law." Harwood having requested and obtained the permission of the court to explain himself before the verdict was given, made a very copious harangue in his own vindication, and concluded by exclaiming in the true Irish tongue, for which he was so remarkable: "Gentlemen of the jury, the learned judge upon the bench has told you that some points which I stated, and have now repeated, are not law—but they are law for all that, and, by my conscience, they are gospel too."

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

IN the year 1186, September 14, the sun, moon, and all the planets, as seen from the earth, were in *Libra*;—QUERE, At what period of time will they be again seen in the same position?

N. B. This question is not proposed with a view to puzzle, but from a real desire of information.

P.

TO CORRSPONDENTS.

Mr. *Shave him's* reply to *Tandy O'Flanagan*, will probably appear. Mr. S. appears to have been accustomed to write; but certainly has never studied *orthography*.

It is doubtful whether *Candour* will be able to make many proselytes—we however wish him success.

Maria's address to *Cupid* in our next.

PHILADELPHIA,
MARCH 19, 1803.

The PITTSBURG, a ship of 270 tons burden, has been launched at Pittsburg—she is the largest vessel that ever floated on the waters of the Ohio.

ON THE WEAVIL IN SEA BREAD.

THE following fact discovered by accident, is of the highest importance to Mariners and Merchants. A bag belonging to a powder mill, fell into a cauldron of liquid nitre; it was immediately taken out, plunged into cold water, and hung up to dry; several days after this circumstance happened the bag was filled with sea-biscuit and sent on board a West-Indiaman, where it was stowed amongst the captain's stock. The vessel was 9 months out of England before she proceeded on her passage home, when she got becalmed, and remained so long in that situation, that her crew were forced to be put upon half allowance, more particularly so, as their bread was much destroyed by the weavils, and was hourly consuming. The captain at this time wishing to make use of the bag above-mentioned, which had not been opened since the ship left England, ordered it to be examined, when, to his great surprize, the whole contents were found to be perfectly sound, without any appearance of having been injured by any insect whatever; a circumstance to be attributed solely to the quality of the bag.

A grain of Guinea Grass was sown two years ago, in a garden in Charleston, S. C. It survived last winter, and was dug up a few weeks ago, when the shoots being reckoned, amounted to 600; and allowing only 100 seed on each shoot, which is scarcely half the number, the seed would amount to 60,000!

Marriages.

MARRIED, on the 12th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Abercrombie, Mr. *John Worrell*, to Miss *Margaret Esben*, both of Frankford.

———, on the 12th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Green, Mr. *William Shufflebottom*, china merchant, to Miss *Mary Rich*, daughter of Mr. Woolsey Rich, of Frankford.

———, on the 17th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Ustick, Mr. *Jonathan Jackson*, to the amiable and accomplished Miss *Elizabeth Justice*, both of Darby, Del. Co.

Deaths.

DIED, on the 8th inst. *Mary Warder*, widow of Jeremiah Warder, the elder, formerly of this city, merchant, deceased, in the 89th year of her age. She was thro' life, while health and faculties remained unimpaired, an active, industrious, useful and valuable woman—esteemed in society and beloved by her connections.

——, on the 13th inst. Mr. *John Sykes*, hatter, after a sudden indisposition.

——, at Lisbon, about the 1st of February, *Thomas Buckely*, esq. He left six children, to each of whom he willed 230,000 dolls. specie.

TEMPLE of the MUSES.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

Communicated by ALEXIS.

TO HEALTH.

COME, rosy HEALTH, thou pow'r divine,
Diffuse thine influence benign,
Throughout my languid frame:
Bid genial energy to glow,
In ev'ry nerve, in veins to flow
The vital, purple stream.

For 'tis by these, and these alone,
The precious sweets of Life are known,
And all its blessings prov'd;
Without their aid, the source of bliss,
Fruition, pleasure, happiness,
Had inefficient mov'd.

For thou alone, sweet HEALTH, can'st give
The *goût** to all that we receive,
And bliss whate'er our lot:
Whether we shine in Wealth's estate;
Or dwell, unnotic'd by the Great,
In some lone, humble Cot.

Thou art the magic pow'r that decks,
With blooming loveliness, the cheeks;
Lives in the sprightly eyes;
With sweet vivacity, inspires
The heart, from whence the young desires
And soft affections rise.

Mild Temperance, with look serene,
Content, of placid, gentle mein,
And Pleasure's smiling train,
Attend Thee, in thy roseate bow'rs;
Partake Life's choicest fruits and flowers;
And live with thee and reign.

For Thee, I court the cooling glide,
As thy resort, by Nature made,
Refreshing, cheering, gay;
Or rise to walk, just as the star,
Morn's radiant, twinkling harbinger,
Foretells the coming day.

O cheer me with thy presence dear,
Im, art thy genial beams sincere,
And be my constant guest;
Then, let the smiles or frowns of Fate
Destine my sphere and point my state,
"I shall be truly blest!" O.

NOTE.

* *A French word, signifying* taste, relish, &c.; *but I know of no one word in the English language that precisely conveys its full import.*

SONNET
ON
DIVINE PROVIDENCE.

DARK and mysterious is the road,
By which we climb the mount of GOD;
Led by *His* Providence divine,
Let us to ev'ry cross resign.
And thus resign'd, let us improve
The dispensations of his love;
So shall his kind chastising hand,
Safe bring us to the promis'd land:
Where pains, and sorrows, all shall cease,
And we enjoy eternal peace.
Then shall we gratefully look back,
On the mysterious devious track;
Which in this vale of tears we trod,
Guided by *Wisdom's hand* to GOD.

W. R.

INSCRIBED
TO
MISS MARY B****.

LOVE is that tyrant of the soul,
Which does its other pow'rs controul,
And raises tumults in the breast
Which nothing else has e'er deprest.

The rich the poor, the fool the sage,
The good and great of ev'ry age,
Of ev'ry kindred clime,
Have felt the hope, the joy, the fear,
The grief the doubt, and the despair
Caus'd by this pow'r divine.

Thus 'tis with me—For I must own
Of all the passions there is none
That thus assails my breast:
For Mary's charms have pierc'd my heart,
With love's most sharp and poignant dart,
And robb'd me of my rest.

But should she deign with me to live,
And taste the joys that love can give,
"Devoid of ev'ry strife;"
Then free from ev'ry anxious care,
And free from doubt, and free from fear,
We'ed pass this transient life.

AMATOR.

SELECTED.

MR. HOGAN,

Perusing a volume of Poems the other day, written by a Mr. THOMAS PENROSE, the following beautiful piece gave me great satisfaction. I think it worthy a place in the Repository. O.

THE CURATE.
A FRAGMENT.

O'ER the pale embers of a dying fire,
His little lamp fed with but little oil,
The Curate sate (for scantie was his hire)
And ruminated sad the morrowe's toil.

'Twas Sunday's eve, meet season to prepare
The stated lectures of the coming tyde;
No daye of reste to him,—but daye of care,
At manie a church to preach with tedious ride.

Before him sprede his various sermons laye,
Of explanation deepe, and sage advice;
The harvest gain'd from manie a thoughtful daye,
The fruit of learninge, bought with heavy price.

On these he cast a fond, but tearful eye,
Awhile he paus'd, for sorrowe stopt his throte;
Arous'd at length, he heav'd a bitter sighe,
And thus complainde, as well indeed he mote:

"Hard is the Scholar's lot, condemned to sail
"Unpatroniz'd, o'er life's tempestuous wave;
"Clouds blind his sight; nor blows a friendly gale,
"To waft him to one port—except the grave.

"Big with presumptive hope, I launch'd my keele,
"With youthful ardour, and bright science fraughte;
"Unanxious of the pains long doom'd to feel,
"Unthinking that the voyage might end in noughte.

"Pleas'd on the summer sea, I daune'd awhile,
"With gay companions, and with views as fair;
"Outstripp'd by these, I'm left to humble toil,
"My fondest hope abandon'd in despair.

"Had my ambitious mind been led to rise
"To highest flights, to Crosier, and to Pall;
"Scarce could I mourn the missinge of the prize,
"For soaring wishes well deserve their fall.

"No tow'ring thoughts like these engag'd my breast,
"I hoped (nor blame, ye proud, the lowly plan)
"Some little cove, some parsonage of reste,
"The scheme of duty suited to the man;

"Where, in my narrow sphere, secure, at ease,
"From vile dependance free, I might remain,
"The guide to good, the counsellor of peace,
"The friend, the shepherd of the village swain.

"Yet cruel fate denied the small requeste,
"And bound me fast, in one ill-omen'd hour,
"Beyond the chance of remedie, to reste
"The slave of wealthie pride and priestlie power.

"Oft as in russet-weeds I scour along,
"In distant chappels hastilie to pray,
"By nod scarce notic'd of the passinge throngе—
"'Tis but the Curate, every childe will say.

"Nor circumscrib'd in dignitie alone,
"Do I my rich superior's vassal ride;
"Sad penurie, as was in cottage known,
"With all its frowns, does o'er my roof preside.

"Ah! not for me the harvest yields its store,
"The bough-crown'd shock in vain attracts mine eye;
"To labour doom'd, and destin'd to be poor,
"I pass the field, I hope not envious, bye.

"When at the altar, surplice-clad, I stand,
"The bridegroom's joy draws forth the golden fee;
"The gift I take, but dare not close my hand;
"The splendid present centres not in me."